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Original Poetry.

NEXT SABBATH I'LL BE HOME. Lines written on the death of Lawrence S. Leattor.

BY LEROY.

The Sabbath bells were pealing Calls to the house of prayer, Where humble saints low kneeling, Implore a Father's care.

The joyful sound came ringing To a dying christian's ear; With heart of Heaven all singing, He lay without a fear.

His eyes with hope full beaming, He raised toward Heaven's high dome And cried-"twas not mere dreaming-Next Sabbath I'll be home." The bell of time was tolling

The close of rest's sweet day, When chariot wheels swift rolling, Carried that saint away.

His earthly Sabbath ending, The Sabbath of Heaven began; His voice with angels blending, Now livid immortal man.

Miscelluneous Rews.

GEN. SAM. DALE.

[From the Washington States and Union.]

The Life and Times of Gen. Sam. Dale, the Mississippi partisan, has recently been issued from the press, under the editorship of Hon. J. F. H. Claibourne, of Mississippi. It is a most interesting work, full of startling incidents, with a running commentary on men and things of the day in which the "partisan" lived.

Below we give his impression of men and things about Washington-such as existed there in his day and generation:

About this time I resolved to visit Washington city, to attend to my claim for a large amount due me for corn and other supplies furnished to the troops in the service of the United States at various times, and on the expedition to Fort Dale, in Budler county .-On arriving I put up at Brown's Hotel, and next day went to the quarters of the Alabama delegation. The third day, Col. Wm. R. King, of the Senate, brought me word-that President Jackson desired to see me. "Tell Dale," said he to Col. King, "that if I had as little to do as he has, I should have been to see him before now." The general was walking in the lawn in front of his mansion as we approached. He advanced and grasped me warmly by the hand. "No introduction is needed," said the Col.

"Oh, no," said the General, shaking my hand again, "I shall never forget Sam Dale." We walked up into his reception room, and I was introduced to Col. Beaton and five or six other distinguished men. They were all very civil and invited me to visit them. They were talking " Nullification," the engrossing subject at that period, and the President, turning to me, said, "Gen. Dale, if this thing goes on, our country will be like a bag of meal with both ends open. Pick it up in the middle or otherwise, and it will run out. I must tie the bag and save the country."-The company now took leave, but when I rose to retire with Col. King, the General detained me, and directed his servant to refuse all visitors until 1 o'clock. He talked over our campaigns, and then of the business that brought me to Washington. He then said, "Sam, you have been true to your country, but you have made one mistake in life. You are now old and solitary, and without a bosom friend or family to comfort you. God called mine away. But all I have achieved -fame, power, everything-I would exchange if she could be restored to me for a moment.

The iron man trembled with emotion, and for some time covered his face with his hands, and tears dropped on his knee. I was deeply affected myself. He took two or three turns across the room, and then abruptly said—"Dale, they are trying me here; you will witness it; but, by the God of heaven, I will uphold the laws."

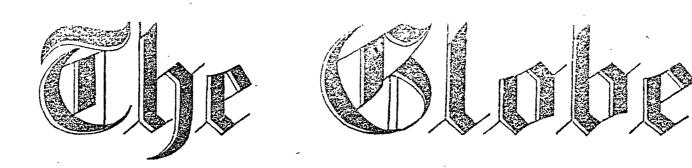
I understood him to be referring to nullification again, his mind having evidently recurred to it, and I expressed the hope that things would go right.

"They shall go right, sir," he exclaimed, passionately, shivering his pipe upon the ta-

He calmed down after this, and showed me his collection of pipes, many of a most costly and curious kind, sent to him from every quarter, his propensity for smoking being well known. "These," said he, "will do to look at. I still smoke my corn-cob, Sam, as you and I have often done together; it is the sweetest and best pipe."

When I rose to take leave, he pressed me to accept a room there. "I can talk to you at night; in the day I am busy." I declined on the plea of business, but dined with him several times-always-no matter what dignitaries were present-setting at his right hand. He ate very sparingly, only taking a single glass of wine, though his table was

I could only answer him with tears, for I felt that we should meet no more on earth. The Alabama delegation each invited me to a formal dinner, and introduced me very generally to the members. Mr. Calhoun was of simple manners, very plain in his attire, of the most moral habits, intensely intellectual, something of an enthusiast, and, if perwas peculiar-fluent, often vehement, but wholly without ornament; he rarely used a ent. figure of speech; his gestures were few and simple, but he spoke with his eyes—they were



WILLIAM LEWIS, -PERSEVERE. Editor and Proprietor.

HUNTINGDON, PA., APRIL 11, 1860.

NO. 42.

When I visited Col. Benton at 5 o'clock in

VOL. XV.

the evening, I was conducted to him in a room where he was surrounded by his children and their school books. He was teaching them himself. That very day he had presented an elaborate report to the Senate, the result of laborious research, and had pronounced a powerful speech-yet there he was, with French and Spanish grammars, globes, and slate and pencil, instructing his children in the rudiments. He employed no teacher.— The next morning I was strolling, at sunrise, in the Capitol grounds, when whom should I see but the Colonel and his little ones. Shaking me by the hand he said, "These are my pickaninnies, General-my only treasures. I bring them every morning among the flowers, sir, it teaches them to love God-love God, sir." I was struck with the labor this great man performed; and yet he never seemed to be fatigued. He was not a man of conciliatory manner, and seemed to me to be ala sort of snarl—a protracted sneer upon his His manner toward his opponents and especially his looks, were absolutely insulting; but it was well known that he was ready to stand by to whatever he said or did. It was wonderful how he and Mr. Clay avoided personal collision; they hated each other mortally at one period; they spoke very harsh and cutting things in debate; but were proud, ambitious, obstinate and imperative; both were fearless of consequences, and though habitually irascible and impetuous, perfectly collected in moments of emergency.

They differed on almost every point, and only agreed on one—both hated Mr. Calhoun. As an orator, Mr. Clay never had his equal in Congress. I would liken him, from what Sheridan in his celebrated oration on the impeachment of Hastings; no speech of Mr. both united a bold temperament, indomitable resolution, and the faculty of command the highest faculty of all. Mr. Webster, with brilliant genius, with a wit less studied if not so sparkling as Sheridan, and with oratorical gifts not surpassed in ancient or mod-

was stiff with every one. Mr. Calhoun was affable and conciliating, nity and affability, and for the capacity of nor all of them together, may be compared tinguished together; no measure and no man mankind awards him precedence over all .-He had faults, but they are lost in the lustre of his character; he was too arbitrary and passionate, and too apt to embrace the cause of his friends without inquiring into its justice. But these were faults incidental, perhaps, to his frontier life and military training, and to the injustice he had experienced from his opponents.

I saw Blair of the Globe, Amos Kendall and Col. Jo. Gales, of the National Intelliever lived, told me that a mess of Georgia and Kentucky members, dining together one day, ordered an oyster supper for thirty, to be paid for by the mess that produced, for fellow not naturally ugly, but who had the knack of throwing his features all on one side. Kentucky was in a peck of trouble.-The man they had cooped up for a week, was so hopelessly drunk that he could not stand thought occurred to Albert G. Haws. He jumped in a hack, drove to the Globe office, and brought Blair down as an invited guest. Smythe. She says she would rather not eat Just as he entered, looking his prettiest, Haws sung out, "Blair, look as nature made you, and the oysters are ours!"

It is hardly necessary to add that Georgia paid for the oysters.

The first time I saw Blair, about 11 o'clock single glass of wine, though his table was magnificent. When we parted for the last time, he said, "My friend, farewell; we shall see each other no more—let us meet in heav—what is called a "slasher"—for something see each other no more—let us meet in heav—what is called a "slasher"—for something day; when she insisted upon our hides her head, as if she was stealing the milk. I have stood these and not receive the fact, the was stealing the milk. I have stood these and not receive the fact, the was stealing the milk. I have stood these and not receive the fact, the was stealing the milk. I have stood these and not receive the fact, the was stealing the milk. I have stood these and not receive the fact, the was stealing the milk. I have stood these and not receive the fact, the was stealing the milk. I have stood these and not receive the fact, the was stealing the milk. I have stood these and not receive the fact, the was stealing the milk. I have stood these and not receive the fact, the was stealing the milk. I have stood these and not receive the fact, the was stealing the milk. I have stood these and not receive the fact, the was stealing the milk. I have stood these and not receive the fact, the was stealing the milk. I have stood these and not receive the fact, the was stealing the milk. I have stood these and not receive the fact, the fact, the was stealing the milk. I have stood these and not receive the fact, the ate. Col. King begged him to soften it.—
"No," said Blair, "let it tear his insides out."

With all this concealed fire, he was a man of

kindness of his fascinating wife. manner, but of wonderful resources and tal-

through; he was earnest in everything. He for she is naturally musical. She came near or the leopard his spots? then may ye also tink dat all men love lazy.

a dozen to my quarters-large, honest, squaresided, high shouldered bottles, that we rarely

see now a days. The printers at Washington all live in princely style: spacious dwellings, pictures, statuary, Parisian furniture, sumptuous ta-bles, choice wines! Nothing in the metropolis astonished me so much. A printer in the South usually lives in a little box of a house not big enough for furniture; his pictures and statues are his wife and children; his office is a mere shanty, stuck full of glue and paste, and all sorts of traps; he works in his shirt sleeves, with the assistance, sometimes of a little, ragged, turbulent dare-devil I can't think of your teaching." Upon this water cannot be drowned, so he who totally of a boy; he toils night and day, often never she began to cry again, and I c stand wo abstains from intoxicating drinks as a beverways braced up for an attack. He spoke with | paid and half starved, making great men out | man's tears, so I said, "teach!" and she is of small subjects, and often receiving for it face—but with great emphasis and vigor. abuses and ingratitude; the most generous fellows in the world-ready to give you half they have, though they seldom get much to give. In Washington, they drink Port, Maderia, and old rye, with us, they seldom get higher than rot-gut!

Farmers' Girls.

I am a farmer, and so was my father before me. I have not followed in his footsteps in the way of managing the farm, because I have taken agricultural papers, and have learned much that was not his to know, and what's more, the railroad has come within three miles of me, so that the old farm upon which my father toiled so many years, is worth five times what it was in his day .-I have heard, to Mr. Pitt. No single speech I am not one of the kind of men who croak of that consummate orator and statesman and grumble about old times. I enjoy modever made produced the impression made by ern times, and would not give up my machines, and go back to the old way of doing things by hand, for any money. I often won-Clay's may be compared with the great ora- der if my father can look down from heaven, tion of Webster in reply to Hayne; but, for and see the mowers and reapers fly over the a series of parliamentary speeches and par-liamentary triumph, no British orator may not help chuckling to myself, as I sit in my be compared with Pitt, and no American with | sulky, and ride over the old familiar places, Clay. To a very high order of intellect they cutting down the grass, and raking it up again, like half-a-dozen men; to think my boys can go to school all the year round, and never need suffer from the want of learning,

as I do even to this day. My wife is up to the times, too, and likes to give her family a good chance in the world. ern times, was of a convivial, not of a reso- She is a good manager, rising early, and rilute temperament, and was deficient in nerve | sing to some purpose. I owe half of my prosand firmness. The want of these was felt throughout his career, and enabled others to succeed when he should have triumphed. As succeed when he should have triumphed. As a companion, especially after dinner, he was most delightful; at other times he was saturmost delightful; at other times he was satur- and, except a little while during hay and nine and repulsive. Mr. Clay was haughty, harvest, they do not lose a day all the year my daughters. Nancy, the oldest, is a fine, am told, it is no unusual thing to see the wohandsome, smart girl of nineteen. She went men frying doughnuts in these jets of oil.—
to the district school till she was sixteen, and and never failed to attract the young, but for to the district school till she was sixteen, and grace of manner, for the just medium of dig- then she had learned all there was to learn there. So we concluded to send her to Mrs. influencing men, no one of these great men, Drake's Seminary; about fifty miles off,-She did get along there amazingly. In two with General Jackson. The untutored sav- years she had learned a pile, and besides had age regarded him as a sort of avenging deity; painted beautiful pictures enough to cover the rough back woodsman followed him with our parlor walls, (though I must confess I painted beautiful pictures enough to cover fearless confidence; the theories of politi- suspect her teacher gave her a lift at that cians and juriconsults fell before his intuitive | now and then.) She could sing equal to our perceptions; systems and statesmen were ex- parson's wife, and can start the tunes in meeting when the Squire's away. She knew survived his opposition, and the verdict of the French for everything around the house, and understood botany, chemistry, natural philosophy, and more things than I could

mention. While she was at Mrs. Drake's she only came home at Fall and Spring vacations, and then was so busy sowing and getting ready to go back again that her mother did not think it worth while to set her to work. Well, last Spring she came home for good, and a joyful day it was to me. I felt happy to think I had a daughter who had a good education in gencer. Blair has the hardest face I ever in- her head, and spry, healthy hands to work .spected. The late General Glasscock, of Au- But, Mr. Editor, she is a spoiled girl, for gusta, one of the noblest hearted men that aught I can see, but her mother thinks she

will come to after awhile. company assembled, and Georgia presented a down ashamed of her mother's hands, because they show that she has been a hard striped carpets that have always been my Robbie and Dickie, and written hers Nancie with servants-that is, our hired man and woman, who have lived with us six years, and were born and raised on the next farm. It makes her sick to smell pork and cabbage. She has not forgotten how to milk; but if anybody rides by when she is milking, she gets that had been said that morning in the Sen- ple sitting up in the gallery, because we

needed all our pew room. I hired two pews, to have room for all. I knew she expected two boarding school misparticularly kind. It was from him that I sion, crowded with distinguished guests. He this, and had a regular blow up, and told

then and now deeply regret the dissensions manfully for the country, and often have I fainting one night, when the Squire's son, do good who are accustomed to do evil." sowed by intriguers between him and Generated and my comrades, in 1813-14, when hungry just out of college, and a whiskered chap Have we the ear of any one who industrial and desponding, and beset with danger, been from the city were here, because I said: Col. Gales shook me cordially by the hand, and invited me to dine with him. Being compelled to decline, he insisted on my taking a drink out of his canteen—the very best old rye ever tasted. The same evening he sent a deven to my quarters. I have beneat the content of the piany."

Come Nance, give us a tune on the piany."

I saw something wrong, but couldn't guess what, for I had on my duster, and wasn't tipping my hair back, (a vulgar trick, Nancy calls it.)

The next day my wife told me what was to pay. I must say I like my old fashcheered up by a stray fragment of his paper. | "Come Nance, give us a tune on the piany." ioned way of pronouncing as well as her new fashion way of spelling, And only this morning after breakfast when her ma told her to shake the table cloth, what does she rowdo but take it way through the long hall and out the back door, for fear some one would see her shake it in the same place where she had for ten years. I have got a new boughten carpet for the parlor, and now she wants the front windows cut down to the floor.

Yesterday she came to me to know if she might "teach district school." "No," said I, keep six girls like you, if I had them. No, going to teach Winter and Summer, in a little bit of a school house, not as good as my pig house, for fear she will get tanned and freckled, and spoiling her hands helping her mother.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have given up Nancy, but I have three fine girls growing up. am able and willing to give them all a good education, for I believe in it, in spite of the dreadful blunder I have made. I would like to know if you can tell me of any place where a farmer's daughter can get a good education and not lose her senses. I can't stand it to have our other girls get too big for our old-fashioned farm house; I want them sensible, well informed women, but I set down my foot against having them all turn school teachers.

An Oleaginous Correspondent.

The following from a facetious correspondent of the Sandusky Register, who writes to that paper from the oil region in Trumbull county, Ohio, is about as slippery a corres-

pondence as we have seen lately:—
"I arrived here at a very late hour last night, on an oil train, and may as well have come on train oil, as we were sixteen hours behind time. All the trains were behind time, I learn, owing to the accumulation of oil on the track at this end of the road. The oil fries out of the ground and lubricates the rails for a great distance. We shouldn't arrived here at all, if the passengers hadn't got out and sprinkled the track with cigar ashes. I slipped out of bed-nobody 'arises' here; we all slip into bed, and slip out-at an early oil boils up in springs, sometimes to the height of twenty-five feet, and is caught in where they are tossed about like corks in a fountain, until they are fried by the heat of the sun. The only species of tree which abounds here is the slippery elm. These trees are so slippery a squirrel can't climb them without dipping his paws in Spalding's Prepared Glue, a small bottle of which he always carries suspended about his neck .-There are a few maple trees here, but no sugar is made, as nothing but oil runs out when they are tapped. There is one considerable sized creek running through Trumbull county which is all oil. It was discovered a short time ago in a singular manner. Three boys went in to bathe, and when they came out were so greasy that they couldn't stay in their clothes. As fast as they slipped them on they would slip off again, and one of the lads, in a heedless moment, narrowly escaped slipping out of his skin. On reaching home, their parents, being exceedingly frugal, wrung them out and extracted fourteen gallons of pure oil from the three boys!

A Melancholy Sight --- A Wreck.

Passing along the street our eye fell on a man sitting in front of a groggery. His coun-She can't bear to see me in my shirt sleeves tenance seemed familiar, and we turned tono matter how clean and white, but insists ward him for a moment, but seeing who he upon my wearing a linen duster; for she was, we instinctively turned away, in the the occasion, the ugliest man from their re-spective States. The evening came and the a man in his shirt sleeves." She is right person we often met a few years ago. He was then a young man in active business, with fine prospects ahead. He was a member of working woman all her life. Our home-made | the church, and, so far as we could judge, his way was open to usefulness and honor. But pride, "are not fit to be seen." She won't alas! how is he fallen! "How is the gold ered with those signals of distress that proclaim a ship-wreck of all character and happiness-a ship-wreck infinitely more sad to behold than when one stands on the beach to witness a majestic vessel, laden with the wealth of India or China, dashed into pieces upon the rocks. We could have wept at the sight. How mournful the fact, that proud and noble Philadelphia can furnish hundreds,

How was this destruction wrought? How was this temple, that might have resounded with the praises of God, defaced and polluted? All our readers can answer the question in a general way. No doubt he became a drunksingular mildness of manners. He invited ses to make a visit, and was planning to get and by degrees. Perhaps only an occasional me to an elegant dinner at his splendid man- our men-folks out of sight. I bolted out at glass was first taken for the sake of good fellowship; perhaps it was at the request of first received the assurance that the nullifica- entertained liberally and without affectation, Nancy she was getting rather too big-feeling some fair friend who called him lover. Littion trouble would be settled. He was a man and I was charmed with the beauty and the entirely for a farmer's daughter. She staid the by little it grew upon him. As a sermon at home from church and cried all day. I or the sight of a drunkard suggested to him Amos Kendall, of whom I had heard so hate crying women more than a long drought, his danger, he was wont to persuade himself much, as the champion of the Democracy, I so I shan't scold her again. I don't want to that he could quit whenever he chose. But found a little, stooped-up man, cadaverous as be hard on the girl, but what am I to do? - insensibly the habit was formed, which, like glory of his country. His style of speaking a corpse, rather taciturn, unpretending in I am willing to let her feed the chickens in a boa-constricter, now holds him within its gloves, and spell all our names wrong, and resistless coil. While yet a moderate drink-l'd just as lief have the boys wear shoes; er, he forged the chain that now binds him Col. Jo. Gales is a John Bull, they tell me, but when it comes to overturning, everything down to the earth—a chain that he strives, by birth and in sentiment, and he has the and being ashamed of her father, mother and in vain, to break. Jeremiah alludes in strong hearty look of one. But if so, how came | home, I am discouraged. I have bought her | language to the tremendous power of evil

Have we the ear of any one who indulges his appetite for strong drink a little? Let us ask him to pause at once. Now is the time, while the maelstrom is afar off. If you wait until you are once within its vortex you will certainly be swallowed up unless by a sort of miracle you escape. Had this poor man stopped in time-rather had he never begun-he might have been a leading man in his calling, esteemed by all, useful and happy. As it is, he is clothed with shame and feeds on sor-

Unfit for earth, undoomed for Heaven; Darkness above, despair beneath.

Young man, what are your habits? Do you tamper with the cup? Do you feel and desire for it? Do you allow yourself to go to the bar of the fashionable saloon or associate with those who do? Be assured you are in danger. Why not stand on the safe ground "why do you want to teach? I am able to as to this most alarming wide-spread sin?-Remember that, as he who goes not upon the age cannot live the drunkard's life nor die the drunkard's death. "Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright."

For the Farmer.

Origin of Fruits, etc.

We find the following in an address, delivered by Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston, before the Plymouth Agricultural Society: It is the glory of your noble art, that it possesses almost creative powers.

Not only has every seed been made to produce "after its kind," but also to yield still other kinds; not indeed new species, but va- ornithologists who does not plead in his bericties so improved that they cannot by all the skill of science be identified with the wild plants from which they originated. Who can point out the native or original wild grasses, from which our cereal grains have been produced? Botanists have suggested that they must have had such origins, but they have not been able to identify the particular species of grasses from which wheat, barley, rye and oats, have been derived.

Our large, plump, juicy, and mellow apples, are all said to have originated from the rived from so humble an origin.

From an insignificant and almost tasteless wild fruit, originated all our numerous varieties of delicious pears.

Our large, plump, and luscious peach, would blush at seeing its dry, withered and such diseases. It can scarcely in a bitter father; and our juicy plums would be do injury. In the present instance the hollow slow (sloe)* to recognise theirs. The apricot horn and tail-ail were soon cured.—Country and only cordial to his friends. Col. Benton round. The only thing that troubles me is tin pails as it comes down. On a hot day, I of their ancestors. The apprient is said to be of their ancestors. The apricot is said to be a variety of the peach.

From nauseous and poison weeds have tender and juicy asparagus is supposed to tender and highly nutritious leaves, was originally a weed growing in meadows by the sea shore, and the delicate cauliflower has no better parentage.

or of eating when they were dug. The onion was a nauseous shore plant,

growing in the sand like its relation the medicinal squills.

roots, unfit for food. From small beginnings came our plump. cereal grains, our rich, juicy, and delicious

fruits, our nutritious esculents, and savory garden vegetables. Who, as it were, created wheat, barley and rye, or first put the wild fruits and vegetables in the way of improvement, we may nev-

er know. The ancients ascribed these creations to mythological de ies, and thus did the far- a quantity of the soil from the wools-that

mers injustice, unless indeed they meant by which has quite a sandy nature, gray rather their fables to defy them, and exalt their la-I would suggest to you that it is highly

probable that the wild rice of the lakes and rivers in the north-western portions of the United States, which is a highly nutritious den can be substituted for the soil from the so hopelessly drunk that he could not stand on his legs. At the last moment, a happy she says they look like beggars. She has changed!" We saw him, who might have of wild geese, ducks, pigeons and other birds, the former is the healthier of the two.—Edgar written their names in their spelling books sat among the elders of the land, a poor, stu- and supplying winter food to the Indian hun- Sanders. nified, besotted drunkard. His fare was cov- ter, might be advantageously introduced into our flowed meadows, and be improved by cultivation. The wild sea-kale has been successfully cultivated in Europe, and is now extensively used for food.

Progress is a law of nature. From the earliest dawn of creation, there has been a constant series of improvements in progress. Geology reveals that the lower order of sensitive beings gave way to those of a higher grade, until the last term of physical creation was attained in the creation of man, whose improvement, as a rational creature, and an immortal soul, is still destined to be onward and upward.

*The common plum is said to have been derived from the sloe. The nectarine is considered by some botanists as a distinct species; but there can be no doubt on this point, as the peach itself is nothing more than an improved or fleshy almond which bears a similar relation to the peach and nectarine, as the crab does to the apple, and the sloe to the plum.

A Foreigner, who had mixed among many nations, was asked if he had observed any particular quality in our species that might be considered universal. He replied, "Me ment, they and their pets are secure from retink dat all men love lazy.

Try it,

TARRING SEED CORN.—Writing to the New England Farmer, R. Mansfield thus speaks of the benefit of tarring seed corn, a process

frequently recommended:
"Tar applied to seed corn before it is planted, certainly will prevent the crows destroying it. For more than forty years I have not been able to detect a single failure, wherever it was done correctly. Not one person in ten would probably be successful in their first endeavor in tarring corn; to be known, the operation must be seen. One man dare not use boiling water, so he fails; another destroys the vitality of the kernel by too great a degree of heat long continued. I have known parts of fields destroyed by poisonous manures, when this single fact was over-looked, and tar, or the birds, was erroneously supposed to be the cause. Could some president of an agricultural society, or some pattern farmer be induced to try the experiment of tarring seed corn, I doubt not that in less than ten years scarecrows would be among the missing."

The editor of the Farmer adds the proper mode of tarring as follows: "Our neighbors practice in this way; they fill a pail half-full of boiling water, add about half a pint of common tar-coal tar is just as good-stir it until the tar is melted and thoroughly mingled with the water, then add the corn, stirring it well for about ten minutes; or until it is completely covered with the tar. Take the corn out and roll it in plaster or fine ash-

es, and the process is completed."

Another Mode.—R. A. Dawson, in the same paper tells "how to prevent crows from pulling up corn" in this wise: "Take two ounces of nitre to a peck of corn; dissolve the nitre in half the quantity of boiling water wanted to cover the corn, then add as much beef brine, and soak the corn from twelve to twenty-four hours, then roll in plaster or ashes. I have followed this plan for more than five years, and have suffered no loss from crows."

THE CROW.—In an article on winter birds, we have this defence in the Atlantic Monthly: "He consumes in the course of the year vast quantities of grubs, worms, and noxious vermin; he is a valuable scavenger, and clears the land of offensive masses of deceased animal substances; he hunts the grain fields, and pulls out and devours the under-ground caterpillars, whenever he perceives the signs of their operations, as evinced by the wilted stalks; he destroys mice, young rats, lizards, and the serpent; lastly, he is a volunteer sentinel about the farm, and drives the hawk from its enclosure, thus preventing greater mischief than that of which he himself is guilty. It is chiefly during seed time and harvest that the depredations of the crow are committed; during the remainder of the year we witness only his services, and so highly are these services appreciated by those who have written of birds that I cannot name an

Horn-Ail.-Dr. Dadd, in his late excellent work on the Disease of Cattle, treats with great severity the confinon opinion that nearly every disease which attacks cattle is the "hornail," or "hollow horn," or else "tail-ail"—the coldness or heat which these parts exhibit when the animal is sick, being only symptoms. We lately had a valuable cow taken sick, and kind neighbors directed the horns to be bored. the tail to be shortened-in, &c. We suspected bitter and sour wild crab apple, which dif- the trouble to arise from accidentally eating fers so much from them that it is difficult for too much grain, producing indigestion, and us to conceive how those rich fruits were de- attendant evils, and accordingly administered half a pint of freshly pounded, fresh charcoal mixed with a quart of water, and poured down the animal's throat by means of a junk bottle. This is one of the best, most efficient safe and certain remedies we ever used for Gentleman.

PROFITS OF SHEEP RAISING .- J. W. Worchester, of Pittsfield, Lorain county, Ohio, many of our garden vegetables sprung. The gives the following statement, showing how wool-growing pays those who manage it as it have been, originally, a bitter and disagreea- | should be. "Last season I clipped 250 sheep; ble plant, growing upon the sandy shores of the wool sold for \$552. I have sold within the sea. The cabbage, with its head full of the year 74 sheep, which is equal to the numtender and highly nutritious leaves, was ber of lambs raised, for \$814, making \$1366, My sheep are of the Spanish Merino breed. and mostly ewes; a few bucks and wethers. I have kept sheep for the last twenty years, Our mealy potato belongs to the same family with the deadly nightshade, and in its farmer can engage in." Samuel Toms, of wild state, was an insignificant plant, with Elyria, Ohio, says. "I keep on my farm 80 little tubers not worth digging from the earth, sheep: my sale of wool amounting to \$105; sold 10 fat sheep, \$90; fifteen ewes, one ram, \$310; three ewe lambs, one ram, \$104; premiums at National State and County Fairs, \$410. I have now on hand 80 sheep-my Parsnips, turnips, and carrots, in their flock is of the pure South-Down and wild state, were also strong, unpalatable tershire breeds mostly South-downs." flock is of the pure South-Down and Leices-

> Soil for Potting .- Do not neglect to get enough of this together before frost comes, to last all winter. The complicated compost heaps some writers are fond of expatiating on, are all a myth and worse, for many of the keaps would not grow a weed hardly. If you can get good maiden loam from an old pasture, cut two or three inches deep only, laid together long enough to rot the sod, and than black is best—you have then the main ingredients for all ordinary plant growing.— A few might require the loam to be nearer approaching to clay than others; otherwise it is the best base for a compost heap that can be obtained. Decayed leaves from the gar-

> PRESERVING HAMS THROUGH SUMMER .-Make a number of cotton bugs, a little larger than your hams; after the hams are well smoked, place them in the bags; then get the best kind of sweet, well-made hay, cut it with your hands press it well around the hams in the bag; tie the bags with good strings, put on a card of the year to show their age, and hang them up in a garret or some dry room, and they will hang five years, and will be better for boiling than on the day you hung them up. This method costs but little, and the bags will last forty years. No flies or bugs will trouble the hams if the hay is well pressed around them; the sweating of the hams will be taken up by the hay, and the hay will impart a fine flavor to the hams.— The hams should be treated in this way before the hot weather sets in .- South. Farmer.

A CAT HINT .- When a cat is seen to catch a chicken, tie it round her neck, and make her wear it two or three days. Fasten it securely, for she will make incredible efforts to get rid of it. Be firm for that time, and the cat is cured-she will never again desire to touch a bird. This is what we do with our own cats, and what we recommend to our neighbors; and when they try the experi-